

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1854.

NUMBER 44.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.
JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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By Mail, or at the office, per annum, \$1 50
If not paid within the year, 1 75
By carrier, 2 00
If not paid within the year, 2 25

No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the proprietor.

All communications must be post-paid.

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Poetry.

Woods in Winter.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are pattering chill,
And through the larches blows the gale,
With tempests feel I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vines in beauty clung,
And sunbeams winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen arms mute springs,
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their yellow lay,
And winds were soft and woods were green,
And the song ceased not the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pats, desert woods within your crowd,
And gathering woods in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill air and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year;
Listen, and it cheers me long.

Agriculture.

For the Register.

Onions.

MR. BARRETT.

Sir: In your last paper, "M. J." has given us his experience on raising onions.

He has made only one experiment for one year only.

He tells you, that the following were his results.

He planted the top onion, and the experiment failed.

In reply, I am ready to say, over my own real name, that I have planted the top onion for more than twenty years in succession, and have not failed once, in getting a good and profitable crop of onions from the top onion seed.

Some years, now and then one, the onion would turn out to be maggoty, but nothing worth noticing. He says his were "strong." But mine never were.

They are full as sweet, and some think sweeter than other varieties.

Besides, I have applications for my seed from many, who say, I used to raise them and had good success. But since I have lost the seed, I have tried to raise them from the old black seed, but have failed in consequence of the maggot—Besides those who have had seed of me before come for more. And every year, when I am all out, I have many applications for seed. And as to unreasonable prices which "M. J." spoke of, we have just been testing the dish which we have generally measured them with, and find it holds a full quart. According to that, then, we have sold the seed for nine-pence per quart. We have given away many, and have sometimes swapped them for other garden seeds.

I think it is honest, if not an honorable business to raise garden seeds to sell.

It helps a man to a little pocket money, and at the same time does good.

Besides, I rather think "M. J." thinks so too; for I notice in his article on "Melons," just below, he tries to draw attention to some very choice seeds which he will sell for the very reasonable price of three cents for some of the seed.

I hold myself responsible for the above.

What farmers and gardeners want is truth. And I am glad to see a neighbor endeavoring to benefit the agricultural interest.

S. MORGAN.

S. If "M. J." will try his black seed onions next spring, I will try my top onions.

And then, if he will publish results, I will do the same.

In that way, which I think is fair, we will settle.

Tennyson is silent, or sings drolly in his Twickenham retreat. He pec-

seeds. But if I win, I will sell him some of my seed for a very—"reasonable" price, or for three cents. S. M. Bristol, Feb. 14, 1854.

Miscellany.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.
Literature in England.

London, Jan. 13, 1854.

Most of the great luminaries of our literary world that rose so large and brilliant on the nineteenth century, have crossed the zenith of our sky, and gone down. Only a few of all that host are left, and both Byron and Shelley have left lots of lines which they would have destroyed as "trash" if they had lived longer, but the same cannot be said of Tennyson. Bulwer has "done" "King Arthur," and some of our critics lauded it much more highly than judiciously.

The poems of Frederick Tempsky are advertised to appear immediately. The great Alfred is his uncle—poetically, he is his father, and the likeness is very great. Indeed, one is apt to suspect that some hellish branch of the family have put up an opposition candidate to prove that they too can produce a poet.

A third volume of Alexander Smith's poems is just published, yet in spite of the continued sale, and the almost unanimous exultations of the critics who have apotheosized the new poet, an opinion prevails among our quiet thinkers, and persons of good judgment, that there has been a considerable deal of *gold-mine-cherie* on this topic, and that the public have been somewhat taken in.

The fact is, our critics are a body, don't read poetry, they don't know what poetry is, and hearing such large rumors of Smith, they were compelled to read him, and like the too-totally who "break" and get drunk for the first time, it has had a tremendous effect upon them. They have not yet recovered from the delusion.

Alexander Smith has a much larger faculty of wonder than Idleness, and so great an old Christopher North lies there in Scotland with the hand of death on him, and the cold, solemn shadow of the grave stealing over him. What many hours of wit we have had with him, and what ambrosial nights we have spent together! but the song is ended, the lighter is flushed, and the lord of the feast takes his departure. He has run his career, and that magnificent presence of his is now a wreck. The mountain that we used to look up to with such expectation, is cold and dark, and will end no more flashes of wit, or passion, or pathos. Wilson is one of those spirits who start in the race with the loftiest aspirations and boldest prognostications, aimed at every point, and mighty to overcome. They look upon us with such large proportions, and such a flush of glory clings about them, they seem like the early gods, looming upon us through the dawn light of time. But somehow, they do not reach the goal of our prophecy. The flower of their promise dies out, but the fruit does not follow. The wondrous impression of their powers which they produce upon their immediate circle of friends and admirers does not get stamped upon the world, and the public reputation of Christopher North bears no comparison to that estimate of his genius entertained by his lover and worshippers. They are apt to speak of what he might have done, we have to judge of what he has actually accomplished. They stand on the summit of their admiration, and speak of a land of promise we cannot see, and their report to us seems exaggerated. John Wilson has lived his life, rather than written it. Richly endowed, he has lavished his precious gifts in so many ways, rather than concentrate them in one, and no man can be the perfect master in all. He is not Scotland's greatest son, but next to Burns where shall we find his peer?

And here is Walter Savage Landor with his "Last Fruit off an old Tree," who in the mournfullest words tell us: "I strove with none, for none was worthy my strife." Nature I loved and next to nature art; I warmed both hands before the fire of life, Rests, and I am ready to depart." And here is Walter Savage Landor with his "Last Fruit off an old Tree," who in the mournfullest words tell us: "I strove with none, for none was worthy my strife."

There are indications of a reaction here in poetry against the exclusive subjectivity of the modern schools. Mr. Matthew Arnold, a son of the late Dr. Arnold, proclaims our want of objectivity. He advocates a return to Homer and Socrates for models, and does not see much Poetry in the present. Unfortunately for his theory his poetic practice does not very successfully illustrate his preparatory precepts. It is not a singer in the larger sense, nor does he display the powers of a great genius, but he has individuality, identity, absence of craveness, a true ring to his metal, a purpose, and with these he may accomplish much. At present he is a cultivated scholar who delights in verse rather than a spontaneous poet from whom we may expect some "great symphony of song." While on the subject of poetry, I would mention that we have a new poet, being a first part of "Baldur," by the author of the "Roman." It is also published in America. I expect great things from its author as the "Roman" proclaimed a poet immeasurably superior to the author of a "Life-Drama"; but I have not seen "Baldur" yet. This poet whose *nom de plume* is "Sydney Vendy" is Mr. Dotell, wine merchant Cheltenham—young of course, but the most eminent of our young ladies of the world. What funny things Mr. Emerson's poetry, and wrote an article in praise thereof, in the *North British Review*, to which he contributes.

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